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Warriors: Graystripe's Decision

This is a story about Graystripe joining StarClan and meeting Silverstream again. I'll put a lot more details in the description. Thanks for reading, hope you enjoy, Silverstream, Graystripe, Millie, or simply Warriors fans! May StarClan light your path... :D

Prologue

Prologue

Silverstream sat alone on the top of a grassy hill that overlooked a beautiful meadow.

She could hardly remember a time when she hadn't been lonely since she joined StarClan. No one would speak to her, some wouldn't even look at her. Was he truly worth this? After all, he abandoned her for a spoiled kittypet.

Silverstream used to believe fiercely that yes, it was worth the deception to her Clanmates and the possibility of being an outcast. She remembered the pride and unrestrained joy in his eyes as she delivered the news that she was expecting his kits. She also remembered the terrible sorrow and grief in his eyes as she lay dying before him. She'd watched from StarClan as he rested his head on her motionless body, wailing her name out of grief. He'd lovingly buried her by Sunningrocks, knowing it was one of her favorite places to visit. Also knowing it belonged in reality to both RiverClan and ThunderClan and deciding to place her on her own territory as well as his.

Silverstream thought she had it worse. She'd been sentenced to wander StarClan alone until she was joined by him. Her own father, Crookedstar, had scarcely even spoken to her on the numerous times she'd sought to find him.

But Graystripe could watch their kits grow to be strong, beautiful warriors to be proud of. He could find another mate and move on, and continue the life of a Clan cat.

In reality, Silverstream had been mostly pleased when Feathertail died. It meant she finally had company.

But although Feathertail would speak with her on her rare visits to StarClan, she spent most of her time on the other side

of the border. The border between the Tribe of Endless Hunting and StarClan. Silverstream had made the mistake of asking why she spent so much time with the Tribe's ancestors instead of her own Clanmates and her mother. Feathertail replied, "It's the place where I'm closest to Crowfeather."

Her daughter had made the same mistake that she had. Silverstream knew now that Firestar had been right. Her relationship with Graystripe had caused nothing but pain and misery for both of them. It was true, nothing good came out of meeting with cats from another Clan.

She had watched his capture by Twolegs in the old forest. She'd watch him escape with the help of that-that stupid, spoiled, fat, ugly kittypet, Millie. She'd watched him admit to Millie that he loved her, and that night, Silverstream had wanted to die. She felt like her heart was growing heavier, melting slowly, and at the same time being slowly torn to shreds.

He'd broken the promise he'd whispered to her, too soft for any cat but her to hear right before she died. The promise to love her and only her forever. And her last words that she was never sure he heard were, "It has always been that way for me."

Silverstream had withdrawn herself from interaction with other cats, at least the few that'd speak to her, even more since the day Millie's kits were born. The only cat that ever tried to find her was Feathertail.

"Hi!" Feathertail's voice called at that moment from behind her.

Silverstream sighed happily. She hadn't seen Feathertail since the start of the battle with the Dark Forest, and she had begun to grow worried. "Feathertail!" she exclaimed. "You should've visited me after the end of the battle! I was afraid you were dead!"

Feathertail shook her head. "I'm not, but someone else is," she informed her. "That's what I came to tell you."

"Spottedleaf?" Silverstream asked. "Everyone, even me,

has heard about her tragic death."

"Not Spottedleaf," Feathertail responded. "Silverstream, Graystripe is dead."

Chapter 1

Chapter 1

"Where is he?" Silverstream demanded.

"Somehow, I knew you would say that," Feathertail meowed as she pointed down the opposite side of the hill with her tail.

Silverstream raced after Feathertail, without thinking. They skidded to a halt behind an old oak tree.

On the other side of the oak tree, a handsome, muscular gray-furred tom was talking to a flame-colored tom, who was insignificant to Silverstream even though he was "the great Firestar!"

Suddenly, she realized how mouse-brained it had been to dash down here. He loved another cat now and she hadn't seen him for some long, unbearable moons. Why would he treat her the way he used to if he had a new mate with new kits?

Feeling utterly miserable, Silverstream turned around and slowly padded away.

And of course, then, Graystripe just absolutely had to notice her.

"Uh, Silverstream? Um, hi, Silverstream!" he called awkwardly.

"I want nothing to do with you, traitor!" she spat.

And then, she was running again. She soared through StarClan's territory, not knowing or caring where she was going as long as it was away from the cat who'd broken the promise that had meant everything to her.

She finally stopped, sheltered by the leafy branches of a giant oak tree. And as she stood there panting heavily, she heard the whisper. “Silverstream.”

Silverstream spun around. “How did you find me?” she demanded.

Graystripe calmly strolled forward in her direction. “You basically just ran in a circle,” he replied, his eyes glistening with amusement. “Next time you take off suddenly, try figuring out where you’re going.”

“I don’t want to talk to you!” she hissed.

He flinched backward as if she had clawed him in the face, which actually seemed rather tempting. “Silverstream, please…” he began.

“I’m not going to let you make up lies and excuses! I am not foolish enough to believe any of the promises you make anymore,” Silverstream snarled. “I fell for it last time and it was the biggest mistake of my life!”

“Millie was never half as beautiful as you…” he started again. “I just needed a companion…I had no one, I was all alone in a place stranger than the Dark Forest…”

It was also tempting to listen to his deep but gentle voice for the rest of the day, telling her she was the most gorgeous cat of all time and vowing to make it up to her. To prove he still loved her.

But she knew that if he truly wanted to prove he loved her, he would’ve kept his promise.

“I was alone too!” she screamed, her anger rising back up again. “No one except Feathertail will talk to me! But did I betray you? No!”

“I can give you a better explanation,” he promised. “You know I would never forget you. I loved you then, love you now, and will love you forever. You know that.”

Her fury was slowly fading, and as hard as she tried to remain angry with him, she couldn't. His voice, sounding as if he truly believed every word he said, threatened to force her to admit the words she wanted to tell him so much. *I love you….please, just let me have one more night alone with you…*

She sighed tiredly. "I don't know anything anymore," she confessed. "I missed you so much, but you couldn't care about me enough to keep the only promise you ever made."

"That's not true," he responded.

"How is it not?" Silverstream asked. "You took Millie as your mate and had three wonderful healthy kits!"

He looked around. A crowd of cats were rushing towards the scene, clearly interested in watching the Graystripe-Silverstream drama. "I can't tell you," he meowed. "Not here in front of all these warriors."

"That's just an excuse!" she insisted, narrowing her eyes.

"Just meet me by ShadeRocks close to the Great River?" he meowed softly.

The question triggered a memory, which flashed in front of Silverstream's eyes…

The dawn air was cool and quiet as the patrol marched past the river. Silverstream remembered the muscular ThunderClan tom she'd pulled out of it yesterday. ***How stupid was he?*** *she thought to herself.* ***Even kits know better than to step on ice that isn't thick! Has ThunderClan never seen a frozen river?***

There was another reason she couldn't stop thinking about it, one that left her mind quite troubled. Even drenched the tom's dark gray fur was handsome and those amber eyes made her want to melt.

A soft hiss pulled her out of these thoughts. "Silverstream!"

It came from a clump of reeds behind her. "Um, I'll be right back," she quickly told Crookedstar, who on this rare occasion was

leading the patrol. Her father had just paused briefly after noticing she'd quit walking. "You can keep walking. I'll catch up."

As soon as they were gone, she stuck her head inside the reeds. Sure enough, a gray warrior who reeked of ThunderClan was hiding there. "What do you want?" she demanded.

"Just meet me here, by the river," he whispered. "At moonhigh tonight."

And then, he marched away.

"Well?" Graystripe meowed back in the current time, stepping closer. "Do you accept the invitation?"

Her emotions were so jumbled, she wasn't sure what she was feeling. It was what she wanted, right? One more night with him, alone by the riverbank. But she just knew that she had to tell him no. It would only break her heart again when Millie joined StarClan and then she was certain he would leave her once more for that dumb kittypet. But instead, the word, "Okay," slipped out of her mouth.

Chapter 2

Chapter 2

The cool night air ruffled Silverstream's fur as she scrambled across the slippery rocks. She knew she was early, she knew the sun hadn't even disappeared completely. But instead of seeing an empty patch of grass, a gray tom sat in front of her. She'd forgotten that he was always early to everything. "Hi," he meowed.

"So give me this so-called logical explanation for why you took Millie as your mate despite your promise," Silverstream demanded, getting straight to the point.

Graystripe sighed and stared into the distance. "When I invited Millie to accompany me on my journey, I didn't intend for her to take it as an offer to be my mate," he started. "But she assumed that. I didn't realize it until it was too late. She honestly in my opinion wasn't really even pretty and she was way too overprotective of everyone she was fond of, especially her kits, as I later discovered. When she asked me to go hunting, should I have said no? What was the harm in going hunting together?"

"You should've just told her you didn't love her," Silverstream whispered, but she was startled to realize she believed every word he said.

He sighed again. "Perhaps," he meowed. "But I wasn't certain it was the right thing to do at the time. Anyhow, she came to me all excited one day and I asked what was going on. I was dismayed when she told me she was expecting my kits, but I managed to conceal my horror and act happy. But I was excited about the kits. I missed Feathertail and Stormfur. I thought, maybe this'll be okay, I can have kits to play with again."

"Did you love Millie's kits as much as Feathertail and Stormfur?" Silverstream asked, even though she knew the answer.

"Yes," he responded, meeting her gaze steadily. "Kits are always just as cute and lovable. It broke my heart when Briarlight was crippled almost as much as when Feathertail died. Perhaps death would've been a kinder fate for her instead of dragging herself around all day uselessly."

Silverstream decided now was not the time to mention she'd secretly been pleased at Briarlight's injury because it was the best way to hurt Millie. "But Millie was way too overprotective of Briarlight, treating her like a kit again," Graystripe continued. "When all she wanted was to be a warrior. And the way she ignored Bumblestripe and Blossomfall disgusted me. It was *her* fault Blossomfall started training in the Dark Forest. And I've hated her ever since."

"I love you, Silverstream," he whispered. "Will you accept me again as your mate? We can have plenty of good seasons together here in StarClan, not caring what anyone thinks, not caring that everyone says Millie is "the right choice" for me."

"Of course," she responded immediately, and she watched as his eyes lit up with joy.

They laid down on the grassy ground together. Silverstream enjoyed his warmth against her fur for the first time in moons. She noticed that she drifted off, but when she opened her eyes again, rays of sunshine were descending from the sky, making their way through the leaves of the oak tree that were failing to shelter the two of them from the brightness.

Graystripe rose to his paws and began to walk in the same direction that the Great River's water was flowing. "So I'll see you tonight?" she asked hopefully.

He stopped in his tracks and spun around. "Tonight?" he asked, raising an eyebrow mischievously. "You're coming with me now, right?"

"But won't other cats see us?" Silverstream asked.

"We don't care what they think, remember?" he

responded. “We only care about each other.”